Deferred Matter.

Episode Political.

Mr. Editor :—The pleasure and the profit, too, of travel or tour are much enhanced by the new acquaintances one makes on the way and the knowledge he gains of men and character and conduct. None that we have met on our way has more amused and instructed us than the one we made on our return from Pueblo, Manitou and Denver to Omaha. The subject of it came aboard the train at Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, where we tarried for tea. He was a man in middle life, of more than medium stature, tall, in fact, of fine form, agile in action and of engaging address. Courteous, frank and ready in conversation, quick in repartee and reply, he at once drew upon himself the attention of the full car into which he came. How or why, we can scarcely now recall, he soon left the seat he had taken with a companion, and sat down in easy by-the-way chat or conversation with us. He was, as he told us, a native of Arkansas, brought up on the plantation, the inheritor of slaves, and so linked with "the peculiar institution." When the war came on he, with others of his age and rank, enlisted in the Arkansas cavalry and formed a regiment, a kind of *fleur de lis* of the southern chivalry in which he had equal confidence and pride. Well, in the course of things, and according to their ambition, this glowing command confronted a more sober regiment of the northern cavalry. Our hero, for we doubt not at all he was truly such, described with some particularity, much frankness and real naivete, the ardor with which he made the charge upon the cooler courage and calculating bravery of the northern foe. He doubted not at all but that he should swoop them up or sweep them from the field at the first onset, and that his brilliant charge would be a heyday victory. But, contrary to all expectations, his assault was upon a stone wall. His high hopes were suddenly cooled. Instead of the easy victory and holiday affair he and his generous command expected, the chivalrous leader and his no less chivalrous followers were taken in and swooped up. A sabre stroke from his companion *du voyage*—the gentleman to whom I have before alluded as at first seated with him, and whom he treated with marked respect, introducing him to me as "the sheriff of ——" forced him to surrender as a "prisoner of war." He bared his head and showed me the scar of the sabre stroke that brought him to terms. Much of his command was also taken with him. The prisoner of war instead of being incarcerated in some Andersonville, was sent to his grandmother in Connecticut. She, a godly woman, of whom he spoke with real filial affection and respect, in due time persuaded him to give up his hopes of fighting for fame to enter upon a course of preparation for Yale college and for the ministry. Her pious wish he so far complied with as to enter Yale and graduate in the class of '73. But now, the chivalrous life to which he had been early trained, prevailed over the prayers of his venerable mother. Breaking away from the restraints of study at Yale and godly ancestry in Connecticut, he at length, with his captor, now his companion, "the sheriff" enlisted with Custer and followed this brave general and fierce Indian fighter in his campaigns till he fell so sadly. The Indian warrior could talk the Indian language and tell of the hair-breadth escapes and deeds of honor that characterize the campaigns of Custer and his devoted men. Of his general he spoke with the tenderest affection and deepest respect, grieving, as only he could, at his loss. Captured in his chivalrous life at the South, finding in the end no heart to pursue his peaceful course at the North, his Indian campaign with Custer finished, what shall he do now? Now he turns himself to the noble profession of the law, and, after some fitting, is admitted to practice in the courts of Nebraska, for the present his home. He came aboard the train from the supreme court, in session at Lincoln, before which he had that very day argued his "first case," and in regard to which he showed just pride, and in testimony of which he courteously presented us with the court docket, a printed pamphlet of fifty or more pages. We have sketched the career of our car companion thus far as interesting in itself, yet as a kind of introduction to what is to follow. The subject of our narrative was not only a scion of the South, trained in one of the chief seats of learning at the North, periling his life for the Nation's safety and honor, (or disgrace, shall we say?) in Indian campaigns, a counselor in one of her state courts, but he was also a politician and a loyal member of the democratic party—a "democrat of the democrats." This he affirmed often, as if to give emphasis, as indeed it did, to what he said of principles and parties. He was as equally jealous for the honor and integrity of our country as for the success of the democrats. He scanned my political principles, sounded me as a republican, or "sprouted me," as "Father Hunt," the pioneer in the temperance work in Pennsylvania used to say of the test questions he would ask of ministers and young theologians. He inquired carefully after the way the tide was setting in New England and New York—whether rings were likely to be broken and honest administration prevail. In regard to men, he said: "If you have any of tried integrity that you can bring forward, we will give them a hearty support." Of Senator Edmunds he spoke with admiration and unqualified respect. He would like to see him the candidate of a reformed and national party, the party of principle and not for power. He further spoke of himself as representative of many in the South and West, and abjured us to go home and repeat what he, a democrat, had said, use the utmost to organize such a party, and bring forward Senator Edmunds as a man fit to lead it and prevail. We can report only the substance and spirit of the versatile and enthusiastic conversation of this man that we met in the cars. He was as ready in theology and religion as on war and politics, science, learning and law. We bade him adieu late at night in the darkness of Omaha, amused, instructed and sorrowing withal, that we should see his face no more. A. D. B.

Omaha, Nebraska.

The Luthers.

The Luders, Luthers—the name is the same as Lothair—were a family of peasants at Moehra or Moere, a village on the skirts of the Thuringian forest, in the Electorate of Saxony. "I am a peasant's son," Luther wrote; "father, grandfather, great-grandfather, were all peasants." The father, Hans or John, was a miner. He learned his trade in a copper mine at Moehra, but removed in early manhood to Eisleben, where business was more active; and there, being a tough, thrifty, industrious man, he did well for himself. The Moehra people were a hard race—what the Scotch call "dour"—and Hans Luther was one of them. He married a peasant woman like himself, and from this marriage, now just 400 years ago, on the 10th of November, 1483, came into the world at Eisleben his first-born son, Martin. Six months later, still following his mining work, Hans moved his family to Mansfeld, a few miles distant in a valley on the slopes of the Hartz Mountains. He continued to prosper. He worked himself with his pick in the mine shafts. The wife cut and carried the wood for the cottage. Hans, steadily rising, became the proprietor of a couple of smelting furnaces; in 1491 he became one of the four Church Elders—what we should called Church Wardens. He drew the attention of Count Mansfeld himself, whose castle overhung the village, and was held in high esteem by him. Melancthon, who knew both Hans and his wife, admired and honored both of them. Their portraits were taken afterward by Cranach—the features of both expressing honesty, piety, and clear intelligence. Martin was the eldest of seven children; he was brought up kindly, of course, but without special tenderness. He honored and loved his parents, as he was bound to do, but he thought in his own later life that they had been overharsh with him. He remembered that he had been beaten more than once for trifles, worse than his fault deserved. Of the village school to which he was early sent his recollections were only painful. He was taught to read and write, and there was what pretended to be an elementary Latin class. But the school-masters of his childhood, he said, were jailers and tyrants, and the schools were little hells. A sense of continued wretchedness and injustice weighed on him as long as he remained there, and made his childhood miserable. But he must have shown talents which encouraged his father to spare no cost on his son's education that his own scanty means would allow. When he was fourteen he was sent to a more expensive school at Magdeburg, and thence, after a year, to a still better school at Eisenach, where he was taught thoroughly well, and his mind began to open. Religion, as with all superior lads, became the first thought with him. He asked himself what God was, what he was, and what God required him to do; and here the impressions of his home experiences began to weave themselves into what he learned from books.—*James Anthony Froude, in the Contemporary Review.*

Why People Take Medicine.

Dr. Crofts, in the *British Quarterly Review*, thus gives the reason why: "It is to be feared that to most people medicine is not an erudite science or a learned art, but little more than the commonplace administration of physic. They cannot understand medicine without drugs, and its virtue and power are popularly measured by the violence of its operations. Its very name is in ordinary parlance synonymous with physic. Take from it its pills and potions, and for them you take away its whole art and mystery. They do not believe in a scheme of treatment, however deep-laid and skillful, which does not include a certain statutory dosage. So that, as a rule, medical men are practically compelled to give their patients a visible object of faith in some form of physic, which may be at most designed to effect some very subordinate purpose. And it is remarkable how strongly even among the educated classes this feeling prevails. Cure by the administration of mixtures and boluses is so fixed and ancient a tradition that it is only very slowly that the world will give it up. The anxiety of the friends of the patient wants to do more than follow the simple directions of 'nursing,' which have been so carefully inculcated and possess apparently so little remedial power. There is nothing of the unknown about them in which a fluttering hope of great advantage can nestle. Thus it is necessary to educate the world into a belief in medicine apart from drugs, which finds its power of curing in adaptations of the common conditions of life and applications of physiological facts—a medicine which takes into its hands the whole life, and orders and fashions its every detail with scientific definiteness. It is found in every-day practice that this popular misunderstanding of the modern spirit of medicine constantly checks the little tentative advances of a more scientific treatment, and it is necessary that it should be generally understood how powerfully the various processes of the economy may be affected by the manipulation of the conditions of common life."

A Realistic Picture of a Picnic.

R. J. Burdette, in the Philadelphia *Times*, thus portrays a realistic picnic: "'A day in the woods.' A realistic sketch in black and white. It is a glad picnic party. The Sabbath-school has gone out into the leafy forest. The dark object in the heavens eight hundred miles wide and two thousand miles long, is a cloud. It got to the woods about as soon as the picnic, and it is there yet. Under the great oak you can see the dinner. The large waterproof mound in the middle of the table, sullenly laughing at the storm, is a fruit cake. The teacher of the infant class made it herself for the little ones. But the storm saved them. See, the lightning has struck the cake. It will never strike anything else. There stands the cake, without a dent, and under the table, shattered and blighted, lies the thunderbolt. Under the cedar tree is a dying dog. He got in the way and the superintendent felled him to the earth with one fell blow of a biscuit. The tall figure wrapped in the ghostly drapery of a water-soaked linen duster, leading the way to the cars, is the teacher of the young ladies' Bible class. His influence with that class is gone forever. The young ladies will never be able to look at him again without thinking how he looked on this occasion. Up the hickory tree you see a grief-stricken face peering down. It is the superintendent. He climbed up there to fix the swing, and before they could throw him the rope the storm came up and the picnic adjourned *sine die* and *sine mora*. And he is waiting for the last straggler to disappear before he comes down. He has officiated at Sunday-school picnics often enough to know better than slide down a shell-bark hickory before an audience. The man with the umbrella under his arm is the treasurer. He is getting drenched but he does not raise his umbrella. He knows there is a name painted on the inside of it, but for the life of him he cannot remember whose name it is. He is watching his chance to give the umbrella to a stranger."

GOVERNOR BLACKBURN of Kentucky tells of a young man who was wounded in the head by a pistol ball. After he had apparently recovered he robbed a store of a lot of stuff that was of no value to him, loaded it into a wagon, and hauled it into the woods, where he concealed the whole property. He was sent to the penitentiary. He served his time out, and, going home, broke into the same store, taking the same class of goods, which he loaded into the buggy he had run off with before, and concealed the things in the place he had selected on the occasion of his first offence. Once more he was sent to the penitentiary, and had nearly completed his second term, when the prison doctor gave it as his opinion that the bullet which had struck the young man's head indented the skull sufficiently to press on the brain, and that this was the reason that he committed the burglaries. So the prisoner was sent home. He lost no time in loading up the old buggy again, precisely as before, and was returned to the penitentiary. "I then said that I was going to trepan that fellow's head if it killed him," says the governor, who is a physician, "and I did it successfully. Then I pardoned the young man. He behaved himself like a perfect gentleman, sir, and never made the slightest attempt to steal even a pin."

New Advertisements.

Humorsome.

CONTRARY MAN.

Some men do write when they do wrong,
And some do live who dye;
And some are "short" when they are long,
And stand when they do lie.

A man is surly when he's late;
Is 'round when he is square;
He may die early and dilate,
And may be foul when "fair."

He may be "fast" when he is slow,
And "loose" when he is "tight,"
And "high" when he is very low,
And heavy when he's "light."

He may be wet when he is "dry;"
He may be "great" when small;
May purchase when he won't go by;
Have naught when he has awl.

He may be sick when he is "swell,"
And hot when he is scold;
He's skilled so he on earth may dwell,
And when he's young he's sold.

No Spots There.

It began to rain again soon after dinner yesterday, and a disgusted citizen who came down on a Woodford avenue car beside an old man remarked: "I presume this is owing to those spots on the sun."

"Hey?" called the other, as he put his hand to his ear. "Spots on the sun!" yelled the other. "Hey? Spots? Where are the spots?" "On the sun!" "Hey?" "On the sun!" The old man rose up, crossed the car, and looked out of the window and squinted around for a minute, and then returned and said: "Can't see the sun 'tall. How did the spots come there?" "I don't know." "Hey?" "I don't know." "Have you seen 'em?" "No." "You have, eh?" "I said no." "Oh, you haven't! What was your object in telling me there were spots on the sun? I am not so old that I permit any one to make a fool of me!" The other now looked out of the window and assumed a careless air, but the old man was right after him with: "You come into a car when I am minding my own business and begin to talk about spots on the sun. Who are you, sir? Did you want to get me up to pick my pocket?" "They say the rainy weather comes from the spots on the sun," explained the other. "Who says so? Name the man! I'm around all the time, and I haven't heard of any spots on the sun! If you think you can work any game on me, you are badly sold!" The citizen got up to change his seat, but the old gent pulled him down and said: "You wanted to work some sort of a game on me, and I know it. If I ever catch you within a rod of me again I'll tie you up in a knot in two minutes! I'll put spots on you till you can't sleep!" The citizen made a break and got out, and though he had no umbrella, he dropped off in the midst of the rain with the look of a man glad to make the exchange. He had just reached the curb when the old man came to the platform and called out: "Took me for a greenhorn, did you! I wish I'd walked you right to the police station! Ah! you miserable swindler! Spots on the sun! Maybe you made something out of sweet-oiling around me!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Village Newspaper Local Items.

Benjamin Bandanna sent us six ears of corn yesterday; they were as long as any of his ears.——Peter Peonk's boy fired off a fire cracker and it started off Mr. Peonk's horse on a trot, to the amazement of the spectators on the street.——Miss Jennie Pernike is visiting at the Rose Cottage.——Miss Lavinia Understool has gone to Communipaw on a visit.——John Heavens has accepted a position as assistant at Mr. Theo. Boyeson's blacksmith shop. Peter Piper abbreviates capillary tubes with celerity at his Tonsorial Palace.——We were very pleased to receive a call from Mr. Johnny Quagmire yesterday. Mr. Quagmire has accepted a responsible position on the New York *Evening Post*:—[he removes the ashes from the furnace].——Mr. Job Coffin, the gentlemanly undertaker, will bury any one desiring his services with celerity and dispatch.——New potatoes is in market.——Mrs. Balinda Van Blunderbuss favored us with a box of wedding cake yesterday.——We have received from the fair authoress a copy of her book, "Harmattan or Sirocco?" It is thrilling beyond description, and surpasses anything G. Eliot ever wrote.——The Columbia Brass Band favored us with a serenade yesterday.——Miss Cohen, our model tailor's daughter, has a new bonnet; the same is very much admired.——Mr. and Mrs. P. Flanigan and daughter, the popular cesspool cleaner, has gone to Sandiots for a week's visit. Good luck to them.——Jones's ice cream is the best.—*Christian at Work.*

COLONEL W. was not much of a churchgoer, but he occasionally dropped into one of the churches, and taking a back seat, paid marked attention to the services. One Sunday morning he took his seat in a church just as the deacons were taking up a collection. He took from his purse a half-dollar to contribute, but his good intention was cooled when he saw approaching him a deacon who had gotten the better of him in some sharp trading, and of whose piety he had no very exalted opinion. To make matters worse, the good deacon, knowing that the Colonel had much of the world's goods, endeavored to stimulate him to liberality by remarking, "You can give several dollars out of your abundance, Colonel. You will never miss it." "What do you propothe to do with the money?" inquired the Colonel. "Give it to the Lord," unctuously responded the deacon. "Well, thir," said the Colonel, "ath I think my chanthieth of theeing the Lord are about ath good ath yourth, I prefer to wait and hand it to him in perthon," and he put his half-dollar back in his pocket.—*Harper's Monthly.*

A CLERGYMAN was recently annoyed by people talking and giggling. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said, "I am always afraid to expose those who misbehave for this reason. Some years since as I was preaching a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me, 'Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man whom you have reproved is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in church, lest I should repeat the mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service at least there was good order.

IT was his first dinner at which he found a "programme" printed in French, and after examining the bill of fare intently from top to bottom, he called the waiter, and pointing to the word "*menu*" at the top, said, "Fetch me a dish of that, for a starter."

New Advertisements.